

The Sketch

No. 1244 —Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



ONE VERY GOOD REASON FOR THE LONG RUN OF "DADDY LONG-LEGS": MISS RENÉE KELLY.

It is obvious that a person with long legs must have a long run, but that is not the whole secret in the case of "Daddy Long-Legs," which has held the boards for so many months in London. Its protracted popularity has been largely due to the acting and personal charm of Miss Renée Kelly in the character of the heroine, Judy Abbott.

She first played the part, by the way, in the States in December 1914. A change in the cast of the piece at the Duke of York's has just been made, Mr. Aubrey Smith having assumed the part of the guardian hero, Jervis Pendleton, formerly played by Mr. Charles Waldron. Mr. Smith recently returned from a lengthy visit to America.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

A QUARTET OF INTERESTING WEDDINGS.



1. A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER AND HIS BRIDE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTAGUE WILKINSON AND MISS LINA DICK.
3. LEAVING THE NEW WEST END SYNAGOGUE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. GERALD L. SCHLESINGER.

Brigadier-General Wilkinson, C.B., M.V.O., late K.O. Scottish Borderers, was married on Nov. 23 to Miss Dick, daughter of the late Captain Lennard Dick, R.N.—Lieutenant-Commander Ridgeway was married on Nov. 21, to Mrs. A. O. Hoeffler, by his father, the Right Rev. Frederic Ridgeway, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury.—Captain Gerald L. Schlesinger,

2. A BISHOP'S SON AND HIS BRIDE: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GEOFFREY ERIC RIDGEWAY AND MRS. A. O. HOFFER.
4. A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER AND HIS BRIDE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. R. DONE, D.S.O., AND MISS ELSPETH KINGHAM.

Somerset Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Schlesinger, of Palace Green, W., was married on Nov. 22 to Miss Dorrit Van den Bergh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van den Bergh, of Kensington Palace Gardens.—Brigadier-General Herbert R. Done, D.S.O., Norfolk Regiment, was married on Nov. 23 to Miss Elspeth Kingham, of Glen Garragh, Co. Down.

TO-MORROW'S BRIDE: DAUGHTER AND SISTER OF A PEER.



MARRYING MAJOR F. H. HORNSBY: THE HON. MURIEL STRUTT.

Wide interest has been shown in the forthcoming marriage of the Hon. Muriel Strutt and Major F. H. Hornsby, which is arranged to take place to-morrow, Nov. 30, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, at 1.45 p.m. Following the usual custom of weddings in war-time, it will be quietly celebrated, but it has been made known

that all friends of the bride or bridegroom will be welcome at the church, and both bride and bridegroom possess very many friends. The bride is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Lord Belper, and sister of the present Baron, and was born in 1890.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



HESITATING.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

YOU have, in English, a proverb which says: "The woman who hesitates is lost." *N'en croyez rien!* She who hesitates between Dick and Tom generally gets off with Harry, and Harry must be nicer than either Tom or Dick, or else she wouldn't have hesitated!

She who hesitates, crossing the street, has invariably the satisfaction and proud little thrill of stopping a long chain of traffic, because your policemen are such dears!

It's a silly proverb, anyway, for nowadays we all hesitate into the very arms of our young men!—and we quite find our feet again! I need not explain—unless, perhaps, for those of you who are in distant lands, and who have not put their foot in any large town for months and months—that this "hesitation" applies to the "waltz," thus called because, after each step, you hold your breath, and your partner, for an imperceptible suspense, as if you were making up your mind whether to entice her in the conservatory or sit in the nearest confidential corner and—discuss politics or philosophy with her! *Mais oui!*

Talking of dancing, a young You who is looking forward to his Christmas leave, and evidently means pleasure, has asked me to tell him more about the "Saunter," where, how, with whom to learn it, and whether he can acquire it well enough in a few days to dance it before he goes back to the trenches again. Well, it depends very much on your personal agility and poise, and, especially, on who teaches you. I danced it three times, and knew it; but, then, it was Mr. Michael Rinder coached me—you know, the clever Russian dancer of Waldorf fame. Do you remember we saw him, you and I, dancing the Apache Dance at the Empress, and you remarked how it brought the French atmosphere back to you. He is dancing the Apache Dance now at the Waldorf at tea-time, and pretty little Miss Dorothy Holmes is the "Apachette." Quite thrilling and realistic.

If you, S. M., decide to learn the "Saunter," *dépêchez-vous*, so that we can try it together. And, while I am writing to you, do you know that the letter I wrote to your wounded friend has been returned to me? He had evidently already left the hospital. Will you tell me where to forward that poor little travelling letter of mine? I'd have sent it through you, but I have mislaid your first missive with your address on it.

Many thanks to Major R. B. J. for his Christmas card received on Nov. 14—nice and early! The very first of the season!

I love your colours. My best wishes to you, your regiment, and your Colonel—if, that is, he doesn't think we are too dreadfully frivolous and silly to bother with!

Speaking of Christmas cards, I was very much amused to read the ingenious suggestions of an economical and collective Christmas card that appeared in the papers.

Instead of buying, say, a few dozens of the prettiest Tucksedest cards, with your "warmest greetings" and all that sort of romance, to send to your friends, you buy just one large card, a sensible-sized one, with the "warmest greetings" making themselves small in a corner. In the space left blank you write a list of the names and addresses of your dearest women friends, with a request that the first person you send it to should be kind enough to forward it to the second person on the list, and so on. It's really a splendid idea. You are polite at the minimum price, as, of course, the recipient pays the next postage, and by Christmas 1918 you won't need to send those same persons any card at all, for ten to one they'll be silly enough to be jealous and offended and—oh, you know what women are! So it's really an economy card with a vengeance!

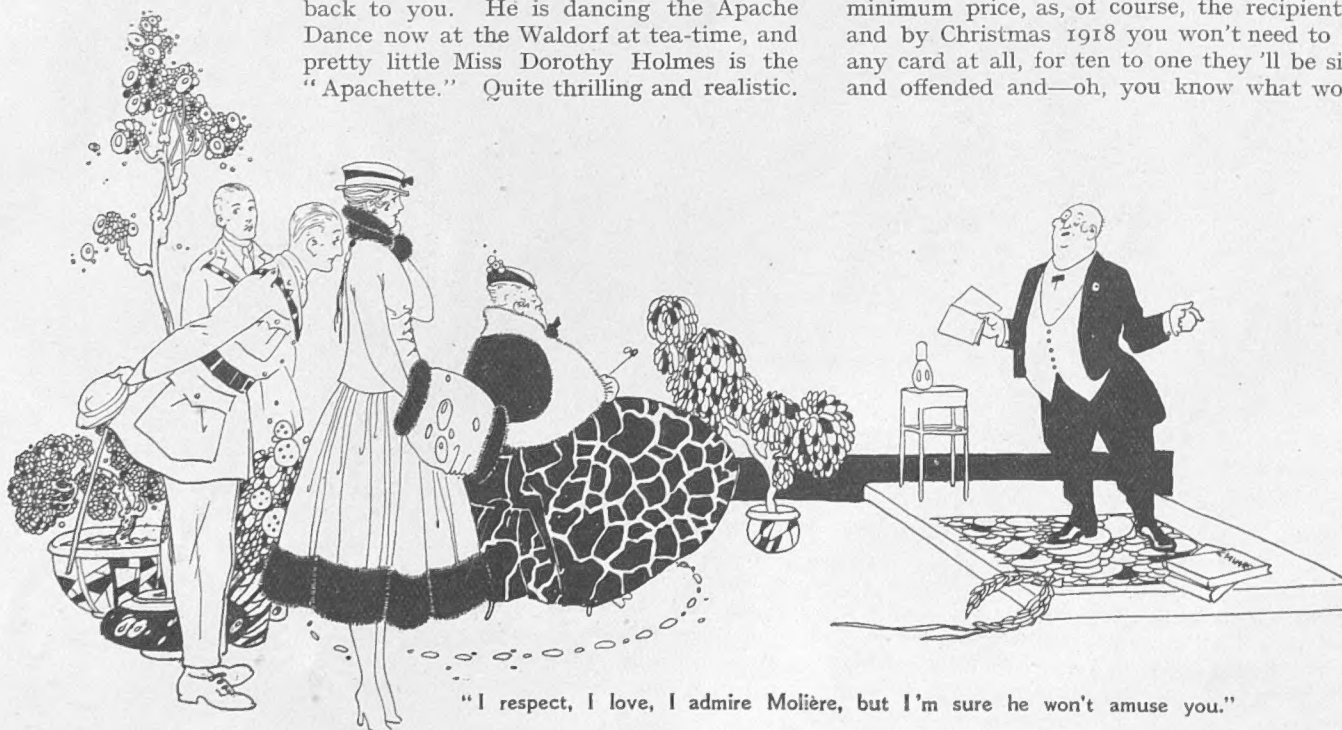
Which reminds me of a true story that happened in France during the extra-polite season, which is the New Year. As you probably know, it is customary in France not only to send visiting cards to your sundry friends and acquaintances for the occasion of the New Year, but, if you have been received in this or that house, to send as well to your hostess a basket of rare flowers, some hot-house plant or fruits, or a box of sweets *superfins*.



"Was she not a beautiful and be-dowered daughter?"



"They'll be silly enough to be jealous and offended—you know what women are!"



"I respect, I love, I admire Molière, but I'm sure he won't amuse you."

In a certain provincial town there was a shy but ardently in love young man who had been caressing the ambitious dream of marrying the charming daughter of a well-known citizen of the town. He took advantage of the New Year custom to help him in his diffidence, and, instead of risking a refusal from the lips of his beloved—or rather, of her parents—he enclosed an engagement ring and a touchingly worded note in a rococo bag containing *marrons glacés* from the most fashionable *confiseur* in the place. He pinned his card on the bag, and sent his valet with his gift to the house of the chosen one.

It was only one among the many presents received by the family A., for they entertained a great deal, and also had they not a beautiful and bedowered daughter? French people are both polite and economical. So said Monsieur A. to Madame A., pointing to the profusion of boxes and bags of sweets on their drawing-room table, "Surely, Madeleine, we shall never eat so much bonbons! Why not send some of those *cadeaux de Nouvel An* to the people towards whom we have *devoirs de politesse*?" And Madame A. agreed with Monsieur, so cards were unpinned. Among many others, the card of the *prétendant* was unpinned from his bag, and those of Monsieur and Madame A. were substituted, after which his *marrons glacés* were forwarded to the wife of the Sub-Prefect, who in her turn sent the sweets to the sister of the Mayor, who then made a present of them to the daughter of the Notary, who offered them in person to the mother of the College *Proviseur*, who sent the porter with them to the daughter of Judge B., who paid a call to the mother of the young man who had originally bought the bag!

Amidst a pile of visiting-cards and fancy cardboard boxes our disheartened suitor found his present with his spurned engagement-ring still inside it! He ate the sweets himself, and felt very sick—at heart! Until, a week after, he met Mademoiselle A. at a *sauterie*, and reproached her gently for her curt way of returning ring, note, and bag without even a line of sympathy for his sorrow. Astonishment of Mademoiselle A. Explanations, mutual understanding. Apotheosis of the ring out of its poke—and the melodious and matrimonial Mendelssohn once more!

One of you, an enthusiastic admirer of the French Classics, has been reproaching me in beautiful French for making light of Molière in my reference to the French Theatre. *Mon Dieu*, but no; I respect, I love, I admire Molière! I know long tirades of him by heart—we had to at College. What I simply say was, if I remember right, that I doubted whether Molière would amuse you. I don't even doubt—I am sure it won't, any more than our Poilus would wax enthusiastic over your Sheridan. You quite understand a French farce (especially when translated!); you like even a French problem play (in English and adapted!); but Molière in the original, and strewn with old French words and old-fashioned things—well, either I don't know you or else I don't know my Molière, *voilà tout*! I have been to hundreds of shows, with legions of Yous (not all together, of course!), and only one of you took me to a Shakespearean

play, while only two of you suggested Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—the rest was revues, Bits of Fluffs, and Musical Comedies. *Parfaitement*!

The first performance of the French Theatre was a big success, with "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle," and "A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles,"—*pour tous les goûts*!

Pearls are being used in all sorts of new ways now. A black evening frock was shaped in Greek lines, with just pearls over the shoulders to keep it up. There was one string only, and an apprehensive subaltern couldn't see the show—we were at the theatre—for fear the string would burst. Every time the round shoulder wriggled he abandoned interest in everything else and watched with mouth open—presumably for the pearls to drop in!

If anything can lead to the revival of the fan in this country, Mr. Sheringham's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries will. True, it is never

hot enough here for fans as such, and we don't need them except as one needs beautiful things. We now toy with our cigarette instead; but as a

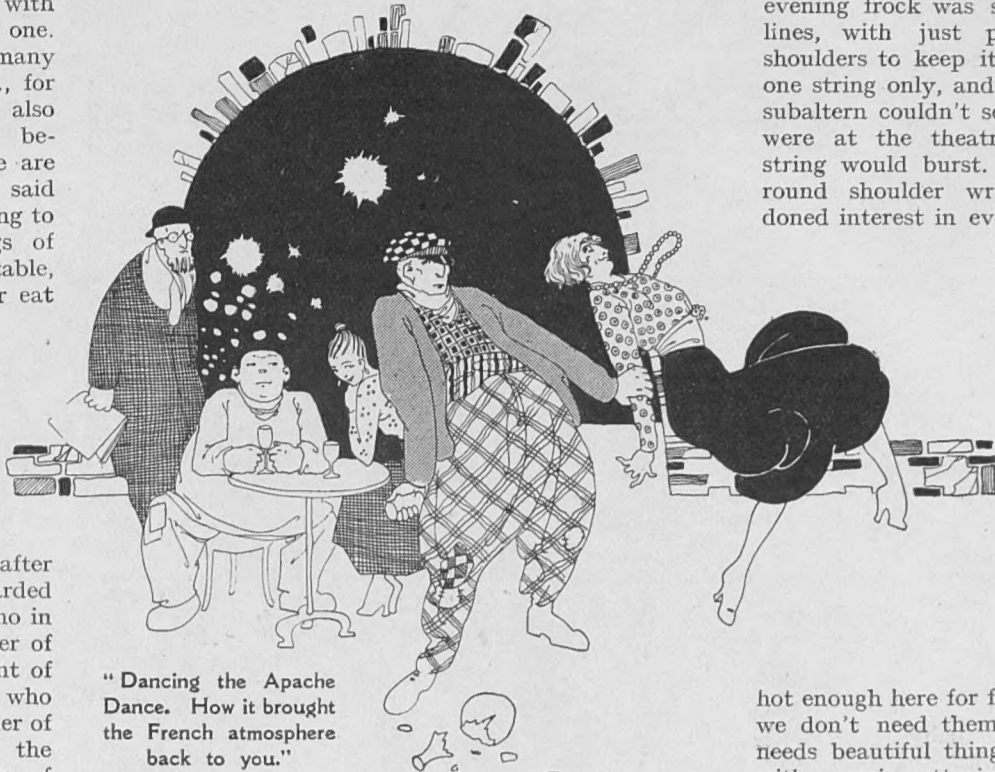
decorative addition, and as a *means of expression*, there can be no comparison between the two. I cannot understand how the coquette ever came to discard it. It could mask, it could spur, it could palpitate for emotion, stop for attention and interest, beat feebly and slowly, like a tired bird, for sentimental languor. What could one not have said with a fan? I was thinking of all this while contemplating Mr. Sheringham's arched pieces of loveliness, and, as I thought aloud, the You I was with exclaimed, "By Jove, how frightfully interesting! I say, and would a chap be supposed to understand all that dumb-show all right? Suppose he thought she was sweetly smiling at him behind her fan, while she was yawning all the time!"

"That's why a fan is so often necessary," I answered callously.

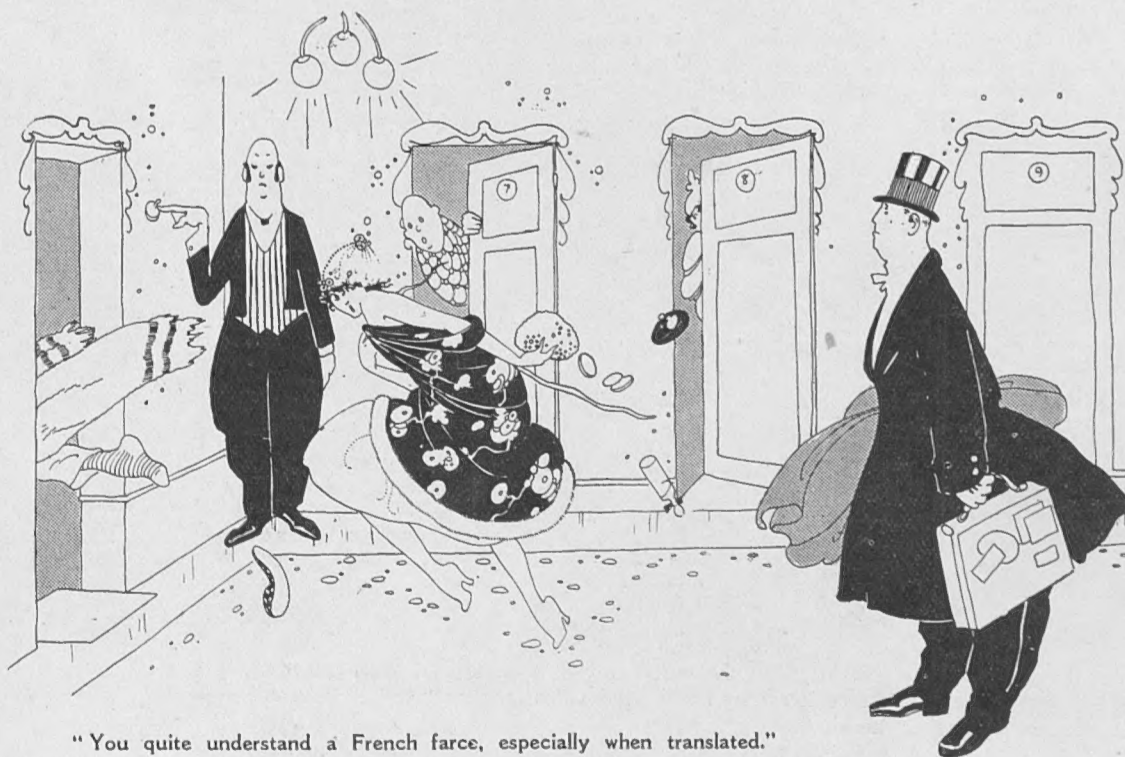
I went the other day to the rehearsal of "By Candle Light," the

dancing play by Mrs. Ina Lowther, and it is a very pleasant little sketch, coming on at the Savoy Theatre for the Italian matinée on the 4th. The music is quite enchanting; it is written by Mr. William G. James, a talented young man who was playing it himself on the piano. Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry, who—invalued home—is to appear in the sketch, was practising his steps, and now and then asking his partners to feel how his heart was

beating! I don't know whether because of the strain of exercise, or the thrilling music, or the presence of the pretty ladies who were dancing with him! Fragile as it is, the little dancing play is quite charming.



"Dancing the Apache Dance. How it brought the French atmosphere back to you."



"You quite understand a French farce, especially when translated."

SMALL TALK

THE sale of books at Hyde Park House went better than most auction sales, though Lady Tree, admirable as she was as auctioneer, found it easier to sell over the counter than under the hammer. The Queen bought from both the stalls, Mrs. Perugini's and Lady Ritchie's—Dickens' daughter and Thackeray's respectively; and, among regular book-buyers, Mr. Sabin of Bond Street distinguished himself by giving twenty guineas for an inscribed copy of a Barrie volume, as well as autographs. The souvenir took the form of a little set of verses beginning "Great public! you who love to read our fathers," and signed by both Lady Ritchie and Mrs. Perugini; but there was no cry of "Author," and which of the signatories actually made the rhymes was left in doubt.

The New Cradle. Our infants are definitely parting company with the baby-ribbon tradition, or tyranny, or whatever you like to call the nursery habit that has corresponded to the red tape of the Offices. Mrs. Alan Parsons was a pioneer in the emancipation of the cradle, and has taken as much pains about owning original babies as Mrs. Fairbairn took about being an original bride. Now, I see, the Arts and Crafts people have made a move, and, instead of the ordinary arrangement in wicker and muslin, you can put your little Briton to bed in a cradle as picturesque, in its way, as the bed Carpaccio painted for his Saint Ursula.

Mrs. Fairbairn. It looks as if Mrs. Fairbairn is likely to establish herself as one of the young married leaders of enterprising society with even more speed than she did when, as Nancy Cunard, the world of fair and favourite maidens claimed her for its own. Her honeymoon in Cornwall was fairly brief, and she is back again, full of ideas as ever, and not at all dead to the world that lies outside domestic and wifely concerns.



TREASURER OF THE "STAR AND GARTER" FUND: LADY COWDRAY.

Lady Cowdray is one of the most energetic of our peeresses and never spares herself in a good cause. At present she is working with characteristic energy for the "Star and Garter" Fund, in which her Majesty the Queen takes so kindly an interest.

Photograph by Vandyk.

According to the Victorian novelists, and a fair share of the Georgians, an English girl's life, in so far as it is worth writing about, ends with matrimony.

The French have it all the other way: all their heroines begin to be heroines only after marriage. But real life, fortunately, is wiser, and Mrs. Fairbairn is allowed to be interesting and interested both before and after the event.



AT FOTA ISLAND, QUEENSTOWN, CO. CORK: LORD AND LADY BARRYMORE.

Lord Barrymore is a Privy Councillor and the first Baron. Lady Barrymore, who is his second wife, and is the daughter of the late General Wadsworth, of Genesee, New York, and the widow of Mr. Arthur Post, is a member of the Committee of the Cork Branch of the British Red Cross Society, and is working for the wounded in Co. Cork. Her daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Smith Barry, is a qualified Red Cross nurse, and is nursing wounded soldiers in Cork.

Photograph by Poole Waterford.



A DAUGHTER OF AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FAMILY: MISS CELIA VIOLET MACDONALD OF THE ISLES.

Miss Macdonald is the only daughter of Sir Alexander W. M. B. M. Macdonald, fourteenth Baronet and twenty-first Chief of Sleat, in the Island of Skye, and is descended from Hugh Macdonald, son of Alexander, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Ross.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

although it was crowded, there was room enough for one's feet in the auditorium. Miss Sainsbury managed, acted, and wrote the book of words, which, by the way, was sold on the premises. Everything was done well, and once more proved her versatility.

Sargents in the Flesh. The idea (carried out by several clever American ladies) of making living

pictures after Sargent strikes me as being somewhat perverse. Sargent has so long been patted on the back for making his sitters more vital on canvas than they are in real life that it seems almost like courting failure to attempt to translate them back again. And what becomes of the brushwork? And, in cases where the *tableau vivant* has merely to be herself as hard as ever she can, what do you gain by labelling her with her own name, and then pretending she is a Sargent? It gives, it is true, a chance to some women, painted by him ten or fifteen years ago, to prove that the passage of years means nothing to them, and that they are, after all, extraordinarily like themselves and their pictures. Another American artist to be imitated on the same occasion is Whistler; but, again, what is Whistler without his fog, his varnishes, his glazes?

Bowling Out the Enemy.

Among new Military Cross wearers is Captain Hesketh

Prichard, well remembered on county cricket grounds for his "fasts." As a bowler he made the most of his great stature, and in other spheres has far from wasted his many talents. A novelist and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he married, in happy cricketing days, Lady Helen Grimston, daughter of Lord Verulam. The Cross was won by him as instructor of snipers, in which capacity "he has inflicted, directly and indirectly, enormous casualties on the enemy."

The Clarissas.

When, last year, I attended the first performances of the Clarissa Company, I sat on the floor of a Chelsea studio, with my feet where the footlights should have been, and my back against the knees of the first row of, what shall we call them—stalls? This year Miss Hester Sainsbury, the company's presiding genius, produced Helen of Troy at Margaret Morris's theatre in the King's Road, and



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: MRS. FRANK BEAUCHAMP.

Mrs. Frank Beauchamp is the wife of Major Frank Beauchamp, Woodborough House, Bath, who contested the North Somerset Division at the last election. Major Beauchamp has taken up his military duties on the Staff of the Southern Command, at Salisbury.

Photograph by Yevonde.

THE "BANG" GIRL! IN OTHER WORDS, EMMA.



VICTIM OF A TAXI ACCIDENT: MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ.

Her many friends were much concerned to hear of the taxi accident which befell Miss Violet Loraine the other day. It has been described as "quite a serious affair," and she received a nasty wound at the back of the head, as well as a severe shock. Her doctor, it is said, would not hear of her appearing again at the

Alhambra until Monday of this week at the earliest. So "The Bing Boys" had to get on as best they could without her as their domestic, Emma, without Miss Fuchsia (otherwise Emma), without Mary McGay (otherwise Emma), and without the Duchess (otherwise Emma).—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME A SAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

A Tale of a Nice Gentleman.

"He found genuine pleasure in being on English soil, in meeting English friends, and in following English ways. It seemed as though then the spirit of his English ancestry woke, and he felt a strong home feeling when he breathed English air. Then the ideals consonant with such surroundings rose before him as the noblest, the purest, the best."

Thus Bishop Boyd Carpenter formerly spoke of the Kaiser.

There was once a very nice gentleman who had some very great friends who lived on an island. These friends were always pleased to see the nice gentleman, entertained him with the greatest hospitality, and begged him to come and stay with them whenever he felt inclined.

Their home life was simple, but peaceful and often beautiful. They had a large family, and the nice gentleman was particularly fond of the little girls and boys. He loved to see the children tumbling about the lawns and shrubberies, and to hear their happy, innocent laughter ringing through the air. At such times, all that was best, and purest, and noblest in him predominated. The tears would come to his eyes, and he would thank God for such dear friends.

One day, however, news reached him that there was trouble in the family. One portion of it was very angry with the remainder. The trouble had proceeded so far that there was even talk of physical violence. The nice gentleman, of course, was very sorry. He was so sorry that he obtained secret information on the subject. And the sad news was confirmed.

The Story Continued.

Whereupon, what did that nice gentleman do? Did he offer good advice? Did he write a sympathetic letter to the parents? Did he bring to bear all the means in his power to end the family strife?

Oddly enough, no. He sent for his Ministers, and he spake as follows—

"My friends on the island, with whom I have often stayed, by whom I have been so courteously treated, are in trouble. They are quarrelling among themselves. This, gentleman, is our chance to steal their island. Let us fall upon them whilst they are distraught with family affairs and give them hell. Are we all agreed?" And the Ministers, very jubilant, bowed low.

So the nice gentleman and his Ministers set to work, and they tried to land upon that island; but the family, awake to the common danger and thereby reunited, drove them off. So the nice gentleman and his Ministers devised other means of quelling the family. They waited until the children were out upon the water in boats, and then they rushed at the defenceless boats and sank them. And they devised machines to fly through the air, and from these they dropped heavy weights and balls of fire on the children and the women, and killed a certain number of them.

And all this time the nice gentleman kept telling the rest of the world how badly he had been treated by the family on the island. He was no longer pure and noble. He forgot the days of sweet charm he had passed on the island. He became like a man possessed of the devil.

The family, grieved but determined, fought for their island. And the end was not yet.

Food Mania.

England seems to have gone food mad. The papers talk of nothing much but food. How much ought we to eat? How many meals a day should we have? How many courses to each meal? What will the hotels do if meals are restricted? How much should a man pay for his dinner?

One had never suspected that English people were so fond of eating. As a matter of fact, I don't think they are, but the very idea of a restriction on food has sent them running to the restaurants and set them writing to the papers. I happened to be in London yesterday, and I went into the grill-room of a well-known restaurant to get a cutlet and a slice of dry toast. That was all I wanted, and that is enough to keep any man going for five or six hours. But I couldn't get it. Every table was crowded, and the waiters were

dashing about in a high state of excitement, with all sorts of silly and unnecessary dishes.

What is the matter with the people? Why this fuss about food? What does it matter if the bread is brown, or black, or blue, or yellow, or pink, or any other colour, so long as it is wholesome and nourishing? Who cares whether you can get "loaf sugar" or not? A magnificent victory on the Somme, in which hundreds of brave fellows have been horribly mutilated or left for dead, goes for nothing in all this chatter about "filet de sole" and "faisan roti"! Faugh!

The Permanent Food-Ticket.

By all means let us have food-tickets if it will put a stop to guzzling. Why "three things" for lunch or dinner? Nobody needs more than one "thing." A few rashers of bacon for breakfast, some fish for lunch, a chop for dinner—nobody needs more for perfect health and strength. To eat for the pleasure of eating, in war-time, is monstrous. If you are

hungry, the foods I have mentioned are delicious. If you are not hungry, why eat? One must eat to live, but one is not compelled to have one's appetite tempted—except, perhaps, in case of illness—to live.

In times of peace, if you have plenty of money and nothing better to do, I suppose there is no reason why you should ever leave the table except for a bath and a snooze. In point of fact, thousands of people spend the greater part of their waking lives eating. They eat before they get up in the morning; they eat as soon as they get down; they eat in the middle of the morning. Then they have lunch. After lunch they have a light meal which they call tea, and then they begin the business of serious eating, which continues until it is almost time to go to bed. If they get to a theatre by nine, they talk about "rushing" their dinner.

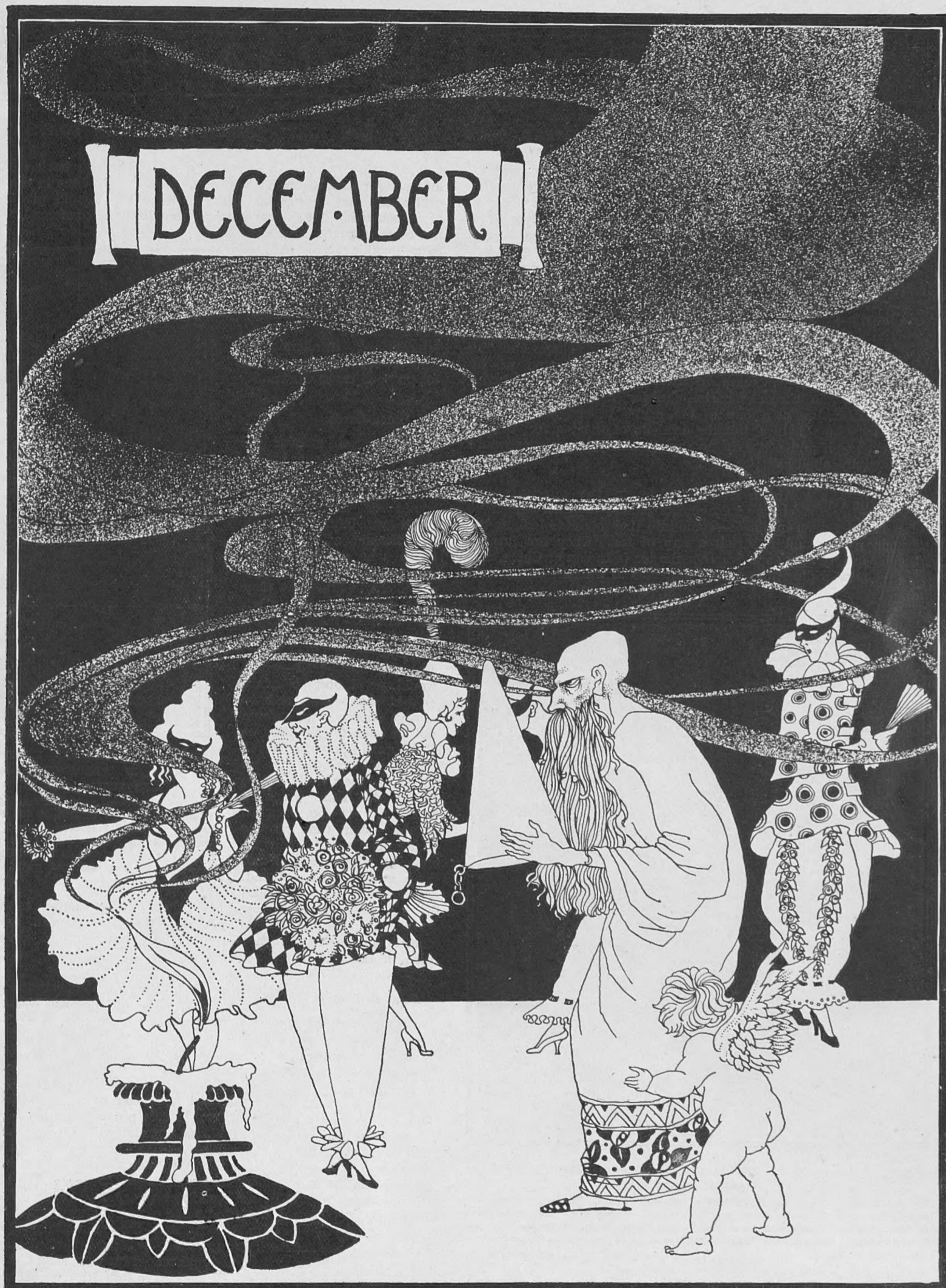
A theatrical manager who wants to make a fortune—if such a person exists—should apply for a food license in the auditorium instead of a drinking and smoking license. There should be a small table in front of each stall, and the attendants should serve food without cessation from eight to eleven.



WITH BABY JOAN: MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN (MRS. BASIL FOSTER).

Miss Brogden is one of the bright, particular stars of the Palace revue, "Vanity Fair." Her husband has just been home from the Front on leave. He is the well-known cricketer and actor; and is in the Hampshire. —[Camera-Study by Bertram Park.]

"THE MONTHS WILL ADD THEMSELVES."



DECEMBER: THE CANDLE IS SNUFFED OUT

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



THE CLUBMAN

TO TEA, OR NOT TO TEA? THE BREAD-CARD BOGEY: THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF A FUR COAT.

A Meal or a Habit.

Thousands of scribes are rushing into print to give their ideas how waste and luxury can be checked. One gentleman in the *Times* strongly advocates that afternoon tea shall be abolished, and gives as a reason that it is a habit and not a meal. The correspondent would have all clubs and restaurants and tea-shops forbidden to sell food or drink of any description between the hours of three and six in the afternoon. There would be, I think, a rising of all the gentler sex against this edict if it were ever put forward; and the men, too, would have a say in the matter. Every hard-worked clerk gains a fresh stimulus for work by the cup of tea that he goes out to get or that is brought in to him from a tea-shop, and the gradual disappearance in Fleet Street and the Strand of the liquor-bars and the increase of tea-shops shows the demand there is in Brain Street for the cheering cup. Afternoon tea may be a habit, just as a cup of tea drunk in bed in the early morning may be a habit; but the drinkers of the tea feel that it does them good, and certainly no saving of any importance would be effected by abolishing it.

Tea in the Clubs.

About half-past four in the afternoon the elderly members of clubs—the men who have no ties to keep them in offices—come into their clubs to look at the afternoon papers and to drink a cup of tea. They are just as particular as any lady as to whether the tea is Indian or China, and they give careful directions to the waiter as to whether cream is to

and six, these nice old gentlemen would either go back to their lodgings for their afternoon tea or pay a call at tea-time in the hope of finding some hospitable lady at home who would give them afternoon tea. The effect, so far as the clubs are concerned, would not be to stop the members from drinking tea, but to send them out foraging. The Food Director may find it necessary to make uncomfortable regulations, but I am sure he will not oppress tea-drinkers and ruin the tea-shop proprietors for no good cause shown.

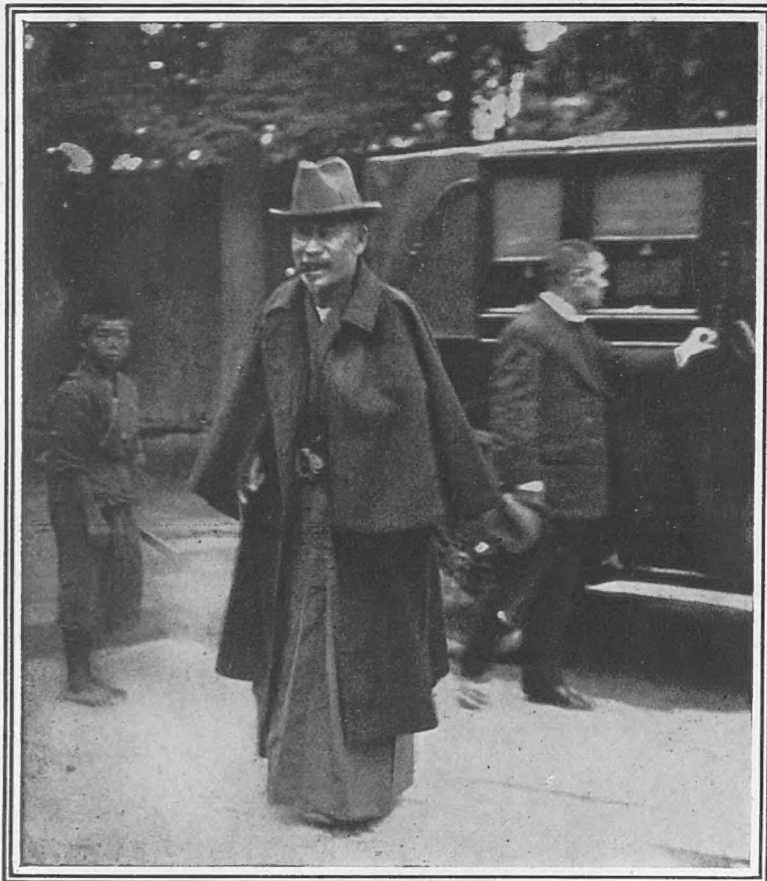
Bread-Cards.

It may be that before the war is over we shall all draw our bread-cards and cut off one of the little squares for each pound or half-pound of bread we buy. This will be irksome at first, and ladies who use the family bread-card as a book-marker are likely to find that they have mislaid it just when the kitchen-maid has a spare half-hour in which to go and fetch the bread. But the bread-card—which would, no doubt, be available at the bakers we have always dealt with—would not be such an infliction as the bread-line in which hundreds of people line up to obtain their daily ration of bread. This, which is not likely to be our lot, would mean that all the domestic servants still remaining would, if told that they must fetch the bread, give notice at once and become munition makers. The father of the family, so as to spare the servants, would go into the line in the morning before he started for the City, or the mother would take her turn in the afternoon.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS'S UNDERSTUDY AS JOSIE IN "BROADWAY JONES": MISS PHYLLIS SYDNEY.

Miss Phyllis Sydney, who understudied Miss Ellaline Terriss's part of Josie in the Prince's Theatre farce, "Broadway Jones," scored excellent hits on her own account, by playing the part before the footlights at matinées. She filled the rôle admirably, and proved a most popular success.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



JAPAN WILL HOLD TO HER ALLIANCES: THE NEW PRIME MINISTER, MARSHAL TERANCHI.

The recently installed Japanese Prime Minister, Marshal Teranchi, has frankly outlined the policy of the new Cabinet. In an interview he made known that "the Foreign Policy of Japan does not change with the Cabinet." His Administration, he declared, will have "the same regard for all treaties, alliances, and friendships as the preceding Administrations."

Photograph by Record Press.

be brought to them or only milk. If they are careless as to girth, they order a tea-cake or a muffin; but, if they still preserve a slim figure, dry toast or bread-and-butter completes their little feast. If tea and bread-and-butter were forbidden in the clubs between three

What is Luxury? What waste is I thoroughly understand, and I see it every day all about me—not waste on a big scale, perhaps, but real waste all the same. Bread is wasted wholesale, for often a loaf that has had two or three crusts cut from it is only considered good enough for the swill-tub or to feed the chickens, and that is very patent waste. Luxury is a great deal more difficult to define. A man of my acquaintance has a very handsome fur coat. On a recent very bitter day I met him; he looked cold, and I asked him why he was not wearing his fur coat. He told me that he had left it this autumn with the furriers who take charge of it during the summer, for he was afraid that he would be accused of being luxurious if he was seen wearing it. He further told me that he paid twelve-and-sixpence for the storage of the coat. He was losing money by not wearing his coat, and running the risk of catching a bad cold, because he had a wrong idea of what luxury meant. If he had bought the coat since the commencement of the war, I think the accusation against him of being luxurious might be just. What I have written about a man's fur coat might, I think, equally apply to ladies' furs. If they have furs, let them wear them by all means; but at the present time to spend a hundred guineas on a fur coat would, I think, fall under the category of luxury, and would be sinful.

LADY WAR-WORKERS BY SEA AND LAND: NEW PORTRAITS.



NURSING WOUNDED ON BOARD LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT THROUGHOUT THE WAR: MISS HILDA BLENNERHASSETT.



ORGANISER OF A MOTOR KITCHEN WHICH SHE TOOK OUT TO THE FRONT IN FRANCE: THE HON. MRS. HOARE.



WIFE OF A CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WHO WAS RECENTLY WOUNDED IN ACTION: MRS. RUSSELL WILKINSON.

Miss Hilda Blennerhassett has been engaged ever since the beginning of the war in nursing wounded. She has been working on board Lord Dunraven's yacht, which, during the same period, has rendered invaluable service to the Allies as a hospital ship at various French ports. On board the yacht, also, Miss Blennerhassett went so far afield as Mudros, off the Dardanelles, during the Gallipoli campaign.—The Hon. Mrs. Hoare, of Burton House, Sherborne, Dorset, is a sister of Lord Tredegar. She

lost her only son in the Mons retreat. Mrs. Hoare took out a motor kitchen and staff for service in France, and superintended its arrangements until illness compelled her to leave her unit. She handed it over for employment on the French front, placing it in charge of Miss M. D. Hackett.—Mrs. Russell Wilkinson is the wife of Captain Russell Wilkinson, R.A., M.C. (formerly attached to the Middlesex), who was badly wounded a short time ago.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 3, by Lallie Charles; No. 2, by Thomson.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

A SCOTS wedding arranged for a day between Christmas and the New Year is Lady Helen Murray's and Mr. David Tod's. The time chosen is the right one for a quiet wedding, the world just then being parcelled off into family gatherings intent upon their own affairs. Everybody is playing his domestic part, whether he be son or father, uncle or nephew; and the great unattached multitude for once finds some tie sufficient to keep its mind off the invitations it has not received for its acquaintances' weddings.

"Bardy." Lady Helen Stewart Murray, daughter of the seventh Duke of Atholl, would not, in ordinary times, be allowed to marry before invitations had been sent forth to all Scotland. Holder of nearly twenty peerages, Sheriff of Perthshire, and host in his own proper person to the Highland gatherings at Blair, the Duke of Atholl (that, by the way, is now the correct spelling) is the high-brow of high-brows in all the region he surveys from his castle windows. And his eighteen or nineteen, or even twenty peerages seemed insufficient when he decided, some few years back, to establish his claim to the Earldom of Oxford. Raymond Asquith, a great man for academical cases of the kind, appeared among the counsel. And, in a quiet way, many people were interested in the sober arguments involved. But that was two years before the war. Lady Helen is a sister of the great gentleman whom his intimates learned to know, in the rough-and-tumble of campaigning, by no other title than "Bardy."

The Baring Trains. The Hon. Aurea Baring, a charming girl and the sister of charming girls, Venetia and Angela, is engaged. Venetia, who came out under the auspices of her grandmother, Lady Hood, is the eldest of Lord Ashburton's daughters, and combines a rare skill in the ancient art of embroidery with all the more amiable forms of modernity. She and her sisters have lived in a world of



DAUGHTER OF THE KING'S NEW EQUERRY AND ASSISTANT PRIVATE SECRETARY: THE HON. ROSEMARY BARING.

The Hon. Rosemary Ethel Baring is the elder of the two little daughters of Viscount Errington. She was born in 1908. Her father's name was in the "London Gazette" of Nov 17 on appointment as Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to the King.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

mixed tastes and periods. Inigo Jones left his hall-mark on their Alresford home, and so, in another sense, did the Dowager Lady Ashburton, whose large collection of Court trains was used to upholster the drawing-room arm-chairs, a good stunt in domestic economy, but unauthorised by any of the schemes of aesthetics advertised by the Arts and Crafts.

Lady Ashburton.

Miss Aurea Baring's mother, who died some twelve years ago, was a daughter of the first Lord Hood; and Lord Ashburton married a second wife in the beautiful person of Miss Frances Donnelly, an

American. At the present moment, Lady Ashburton is rehearsing for the American matinée arranged for Dec. 8, when she takes her stand alongside of Miss Doris Keane, Miss Teddie Gerard, Miss Pauline Chase, and other decorative and lively performers. Miss Aurea Baring's fiancé is Captain Balfour, eldest son of the other Captain Balfour, and of Lady Nina Balfour, of Newton Don, Kelso.

Ragged Knees. "Chrysanthemum" is the latest military term that must be known before one can follow to the full the narratives of the men who have crawled among the acres of barbed wire planted in front of the newly captured enemy positions. "I know that wire well," a subaltern told me the other day; "I had to do scouting in the middle of it, and came away with a chrysanthemum on each knee; and when I stood up a bullet, if you'll believe me, came and gave me another chrysanthemum in my cap." "Chrysanthemum," it seems, means a ragged hole in one's uniform—a ragged hole with flapping, radiating shreds of khaki, like the petals of the untidier specimens of the autumnal flower.

Woman and Loaves. In the midst of all the speculation as to the identity of the right man for the Larder Lordship, Lady Lawrence reminded me that probably no man is so fitted for it as a woman. It is one of those obvious points that nobody thinks about until a woman happens along. Looked at in detail, there is no denying it. What peer, for instance, knows so much about bread as Lady St. Helier? Who can talk so convincingly about the charms and advantages of the stale loaf? And yet Mr. Runciman has already shown his grasp of little things, as long menus and big charges at the hotels. He has, I believe, persuaded the restaurant managers to abandon that 25s. meal (exclusive of wines) arranged by some of them for Christmas. And I hear that there was no icing on his birthday cake last week.

Mistress Pro Tem.

In pondering the Duchess of Sutherland's appointment as Mistress of the Robes, we asked the other day which way the influences would work—would she or the Court conform to the fashions of the other, to the dress ideals of the non-conforming party? She seemed almost too smart to be, of all things, a Mistress of the Robes. But the *Gazette* supplies a solution. Her appointment is only temporary, and the Duchess of Devonshire—who is built, or dressed, along Court lines—will resume the position on her return, which may be before her substitute is converted.



WIFE OF THE KING'S NEW EQUERRY AND ASSISTANT PRIVATE SECRETARY: VISCONTRESS ERRINGTON.

Viscountess Errington is the wife of the Earl of Cromer's heir, Viscount Errington, M.V.O., who has just been appointed an Equerry in Ordinary to the King, and also Assistant Private Secretary to his Majesty.

Photograph by Lafayette.



AN OFFICER'S WIDOW WHO HAS MADE HER HOME A RED CROSS HOSPITAL AND SUPERVISES IT HERSELF: MRS. EVERARD LAMB.

Mrs. Everard Lamb, whose husband, Captain Everard Lamb, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, fell in action, has given over her home, Harden House, Cumberland, as a Red Cross Hospital. Mrs. Lamb, before her marriage, was Miss Marjorie O'Brian.

Photograph by Yvonne.

A STUDY OF A HEAD: A FRIEND OF ROYALTY.



DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF WELL-KNOWN PEERS: THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY HOPE MORLEY.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope Morley, of whom we give a new and charming portrait, has the honour of ranking among the intimate friends of H.R.H. Princess Mary, and is the daughter of that well-known peer, Lord Burghclere, an authority on agriculture, formerly the Right Hon. Herbert Gardner, P.C. Her mother was, before her marriage to Lord Burghclere, Lady Winifred Byng, and is daughter of the fourth Earl of

Carnarvon. Mrs. Morley's husband is the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley, heir to Lord Hollenden, and grandson of that famous philanthropist, the late Samuel Morley, M.P. Mrs. Hope Morley was very popular in Society before her marriage in 1914, as the Hon. Mary Gardner. She has a little daughter, who was born last year—Miss Mary Joan Fenella Hope Morley.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

THREE OF THEM.



VOICE FROM ABOVE: 'Old tight, Bill; I'm jest a-goin' ter let yer down!

DRAWN BY W. D. STUART.



THE COMMANDER OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND" TRIES TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AS A FAMILIAR WAYSIDE SIGN.

DRAWN BY RICARDO BROOK



SUPER (to friend): 'Ere, Alf. 'Ow would yer say it, if yer was me? "'Old; 'ere's the King!" or "Be'old 'is Majesty!"

DRAWN BY W. D. STUART.

MARS AND HYMEN: A TRIO OF WAR ENGAGEMENTS.



1. ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT CHARLES STEWART LOCKHART, R.N.: MISS EILEEN NORTON HALLIMOND.
 2. MISS DOROTHY WAILES-FAIRBAIRN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ANTHONY MILBURN, HUSSARS, WAS FIXED FOR THE 28TH.
 3. ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. E. STANLEY SMITH, D.C.L.I.: MISS JOAN BLACKADER.

Miss Eileen Norton Hallimond (known to her friends as Jack) is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Tasker Hallimond, of Johannesburg. Lieutenant Charles Stewart Lockhart, R.N., to whom she is engaged, is the only son of Sir James H. Stewart Lockhart, Commissioner of Wei-hai-Wei, China.—Miss Dorothy Wailes-Fairbairn is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Wailes-Fairbairn, of Askham Grange, York. Mr. Anthony Milburn, of the Hussars, is the youngest son of the late Sir John

Milburn, and Lady Milburn, of Guyzance, Northumberland. Their wedding was arranged to take place on Tuesday of this week, Nov. 28, at Askham Richard.—Miss Joan Blackader is the younger daughter of Major-General C. G. Blackader, D.S.O., who has served with distinction in West Africa, South Africa, and the present war. Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Stanley Smith, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is the elder son of Sir George and Lady Smith, of Treiske, Truro.

Photographs by Bassano Hoppé, and Lafayette.



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Away out in the North Sea, yonder in the Trenches, in Camps and in Hospitals without number, a vast army of Deccas is providing mirth and music for ever-vaster armies of delighted listeners.

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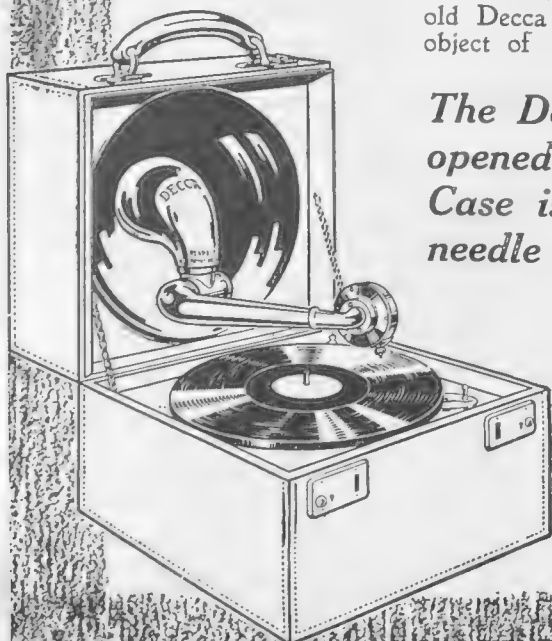
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Sizes of Needle
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—From a Chaplain.

“IT may interest you to know that about fourteen months ago one of your Decca gramophones was sent out to me at Gallipoli, and that it has been in constant use from then up till now. It has played hymns at an (attempted) early Service, when the Turkish batteries on Karakol devoted their best attention to our Lala Baba trenches at Suvla Bay. It passed many a weary hour away for the crowds of wounded Tommies waiting to be taken off after the ‘big push’ of August 19, 1915. It weathered the awful blizzard which cost our troops so dear, and no doubt helped many a man nearly ‘down and out’ to weather it and win through. It has been soaked with rain and sea-water, filled with desert sand and dust, cleaned with a shaving-brush, and mended with bits of jam tin and wire from ginger-beer bottles. Records have come and records have gone, but the old Decca has outlasted them all, and is still a battered object of affection and respect.”

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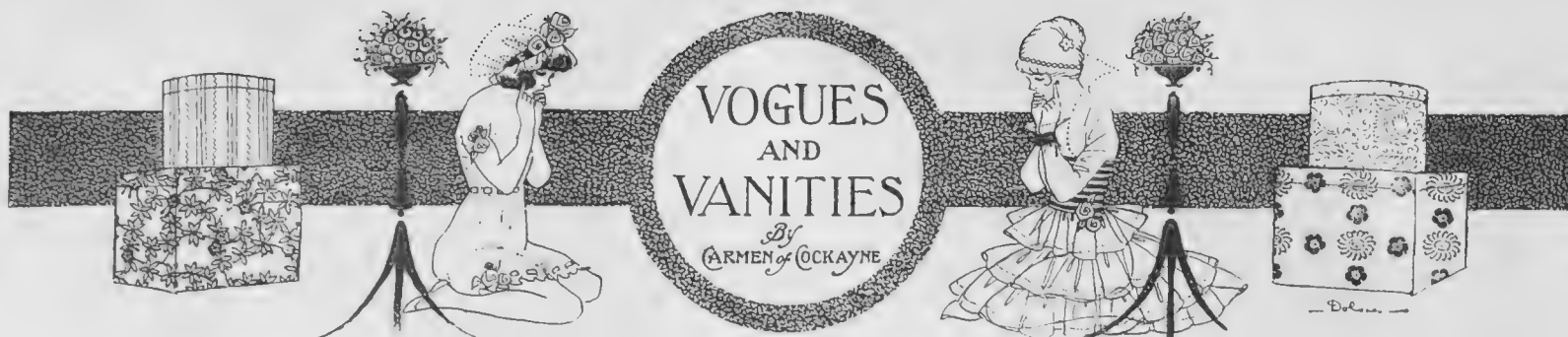
WAR PORTIONS.



HEINRICH: Vöt vos you doing, Hans?

HANS: I vos my vill making—to my wife everything I give—to mein sister the remainder I leave—to mein brother the residue shall have—und all that vos after that left over to you, Heinrich, is.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



The Nursery Christmas.

By general consent, the war is not to be allowed to cast its shadow over the nursery Christmas. However chastened the rejoicings of the "grown-ups," the little people are to have, as far as possible, the same rollicking time this year as in the far-off peace days. Pantomimes and parties, toys and treats, are all to be "as usual"; and even if the price of playthings, like everything else, has gone up a little since last year, there is at least this consolation—that they are all either British or Ally made.

No More Hun Toys.

Whatever the peace conference—which will meet some day, I suppose—decides upon, it is to be hoped that some far-seeing person with an eye to the welfare of British industry, and a sense of the æsthetic, will put in some sort of plea for British toy-makers, so that the home market may never again be "flooded out" with meanly made, cheap German playthings. Last year the English makers had hardly found their feet. This year things are better. British toys are both more plentiful and more varied, charmingly executed and delightfully strong. It's jolly, too, to know that just as the British soldier is helping to conquer the Hun in the field, so his leaden brother has completely bowled out the German tin soldier. Millions of toy heroes, genuine English-made ones, have been turned out in London, and when one sees them one only wonders why they weren't here before. Anyway, it is to be hoped that their enlistment for the purposes of nursery warfare will be longer than for "the period of the war." There is just one thing, though, that our toy-makers seem to have overlooked. For the sake of the small folk who love the toys that "do something," I wish they had thought it worth while to exercise their genius to a somewhat greater extent on different forms of mechanical playthings.

Icicle Land.

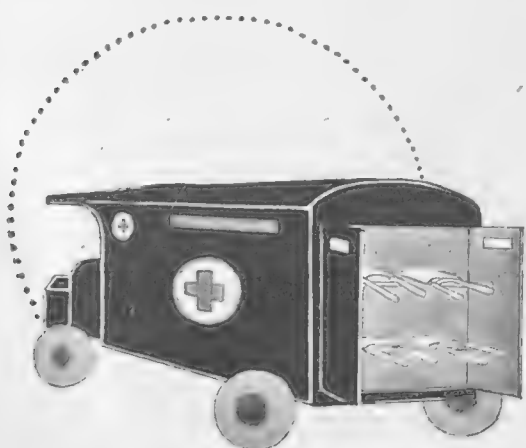
No more appropriate spot, at the time of writing, for a display of the toys of the season could have been conceived than Icicle Land—a region, as its name implies, of ever-dripping icicles and perpetual frost, where Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have brought together a representative collection of English toys calculated to arouse the lust of possession in the minds of even the best-behaved specimens of young England. Here are the most attractive "cuddly" toys that the imagination

can conceive—soft, delightful, confidential things of the kind that all children love and cherish. Here are rainbow-hued chickens with wild and roving eyes; black and white penguins; "Nigger," the black cat whose movable green eyes with their comet-like pupils give him at times a pathetic air strangely at variance with his otherwise debonair bearing; there is "Paddy," whose wounded leg arouses sympathy even while his rakish appearance awakens suspicions of his good behaviour; and lastly there is "Mike," whose snub nose, high forehead, and flapping ears are a disgrace to his family tree, but make, nevertheless, the strongest appeal to five-years-old on the look-out for something that can be taken to bed. Or, again, there are the "Isa" toys, soft like the others, but provided with springs in every limb, that permit of their indulging in all sorts of antics, and, when sufficiently large, allow of adventurous rides round the nursery on their broad backs.

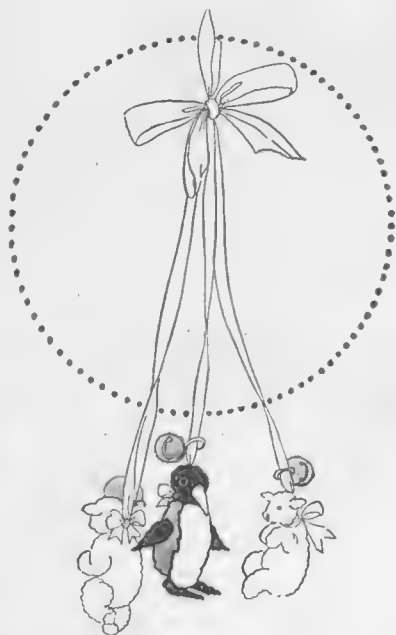
Jutland Again. As a contrast to toys that can be hugged with comfort are the wooden productions—quite some of the best on the market at the moment—made by disabled soldiers in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. If it is true, as some say, that war-fever shows signs of abating in the nursery, the complex forts that simply ask for bombardment from the gaping muzzles of "Fat Annie" and "Grandmother"—wooden, but none the less capable of doing useful work—are quite certain to revive it. Besides, who could possibly withstand the temptation to win yet another Jutland on the Blue North Sea of the nursery drugget when great, grey wooden Dreadnoughts of the deep, that only need a well-placed shot from a torpedo to reduce them to harmless atoms, await transport to the battle area? Nor must one overlook the inevitable Red Cross equipment for such as are wounded by land or sea; and quite the most attractive of this class of toy are the substantial blue-grey wagons bearing the Red Cross of mercy on their sides, and provided, moreover, with quite realistic stretchers for the use of the battered heroes. Of course, there are more peaceful playthings—dolls, dolls' houses, sets of furniture; whole farmyards and any number of wooden toys also find a home in Icicle Land, which, since it is out of Mr. Runciman's jurisdiction, is further provided with a goodly supply of chocolates and mountains of gay crackers.



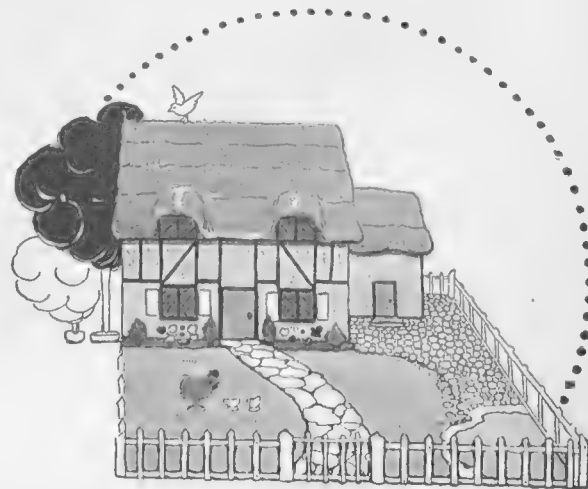
Christmas "as usual" in the nursery.



War realism in the nursery takes the form of a Red Cross van complete even to stretchers ready for wounded heroes.



All the soft "cuddly" toys that the small inmate of the nursery loves so well.



The villa homes of England are delightfully adapted to sites on the carpet.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



THE VISITOR: Are you aware, young lady, that I am a second cousin of yours—once removed?
THE FLAPPER: Oh, were you? How dreadful! I do hope you are quite all right now!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE DUKE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE officers inspected. Gas - masks — all right. Rifles, wire, grenades, sand - bags — all right. Tin - hats, duck - planks, spades, box ammunition, box grenades—all right. Iron rations, haversacks, kit generally—all right. The battalion was all right. It was ready—no, not to move off to billets, but to charge.

The Duke got his mouth near Jim's ear, began to speak in the low tone that penetrated through the noise of prelim. bombardments.

"Ten minutes more," he said, "and we go over, Jim. Somewhere after ten minutes I'll be a dead man."

"Very cheerful and chatty this morning, aren't you?" said Jim, who wished his pal would talk about anything else—or not at all.

"I know it," said The Duke, in his very gentlemanly accent—The Duke was the best imitation of a gentleman Jim had ever met. "I know it, sure. I know it inside me."

"Right-oh," muttered Jim. "Leave it inside you."

The Duke looked through a loophole at the Fritz trench. The shell-fire was leaping and smoking, dropping and leaping and smoking again all along the German parapet. It was like a stormy sea trying to burst its way over a sea-wall. The Duke shuddered.

"Through the head," he said. "I don't deserve it, but I hope it's through the head."

Jim looked at the man who had been his pal since training days. The Duke looked the Duke all over, natty and calm and well bred—too well bred—as usual. He had the air which had given him his nickname. He was keeping up the Blue Blood rôle, but—Jim thought that perhaps now the real man underneath was coming out. Real breed kept the game up to the last; it didn't give way to sentimentality at critical moments. And The Duke was threatening to do that. Jim had always known that The Duke was only a very good copy of the real thing, for Jim was a gentleman himself. His

"I don't deserve it," said The Duke once more; "but I hope it'll be that—through the head."

"I've known George Robey to be quite as funny as you are at this moment," said Jim. He hoped he'd been brutal enough to put The Duke off. The Duke's mind was armoured in bone.

"In ten minutes—less. A very little time. And I want . . . Jim, old thing, we've been pretty good pals."

("Oh, Ethel M. Dell," thought Jim. "Here comes the story of his futuristic past.")

"I suppose we have," he said harshly—well, the excitements of a preliminary bombardment and the knowledge of what is to follow



WORKING AS A NURSE: H.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Princess Arthur of Connaught is the daughter of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and was married to Prince Arthur in 1913. H.H. is now devoting much of her time to nursing the wounded.—[Photograph by Corbett.]

knowledge hadn't made any difference in their friendship. The Duke was a clean, fastidious person—that had been the basis of their comradeship. And, of course, he was a good fellow too.

"Why spoil it?" thought Jim.



SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: PRINCE ALASTAIR ARTHUR, EARL OF MACDUFF.

The pretty little son of T.H. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught was born on Aug. 9, 1914. His mother, Princess Arthur, is Duchess of Fife and Countess of Macduff, hence the title of Earl borne by her little son.—[Photograph by Corbett.]

make a man nervy. "The Army lumps all sorts together, and one makes the best of what one gets."

That ought to put the beggar off; but no, pure bone was the skull of The Duke.

"There's that view, of course. But I think we've been something more than that. To me, anyhow, our friendship has been something more—something finer."

("Oh," groaned Jim, "if this idiot tells me that he's been led to Higher Things I'll give him the butt.")

The air above, but beyond the bags, snapped asunder with a sharp crack.

"Hullo!" cried Jim with relief. "They're beginning. They're putting the barrage across. Things are going to be lively."

The Duke frowned. He faced Jim square.

"Look 'ere, Jim," he said harshly, "I've gotter tell you som'thing." The veneer had been swept from him. He was suddenly the natural man—not The Duke at all. There was a sort of pain of determination in his eyes. Jim liked him more than ever.

"All right, old sport," he said. "Get ahead. I was a bit nervy, but I won't butt in any more."

"I've gotter—I must tell you," said The Duke, snatching after his pose. "Look here, Jim, I'm not—er—not exactly what I pretend to be."

[Continued overleaf.]

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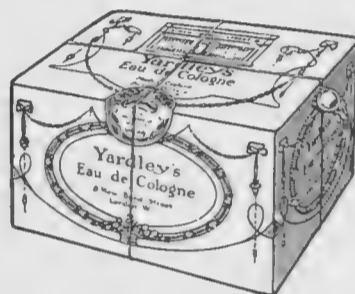
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"Return"

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

Jim nodded. He thought this was obvious. But now he was careful enough not to say so.

"I'll cut cackle," said The Duke. "But I want you to understand that I've been a bad egg—oh, a worse egg than even you think. Not the wine, women, and song sort—worse!"

"It doesn't matter," insisted Jim.

"I know. That's it—that's why I have to tell you these things. It hasn't made any difference to you. You've stuck to me for the sake of the man in me. I've stuck to you because—well, you're clean. Honest and clean."

"Oh," said Jim lamely. Embarrassing, this.

They had the range well. The last whizz-bang had got in, twenty and more yards along. They could hear the call for "bearers."

"I'll cut this bit too," said The Duke. "I know you don't like soft talk. But you've gotter—must understand that being with you has changed me a lot. I've seen things from a different point of view—cleaner, more honest . . . and because of that I must end clean. Now that I'm going to die . . ."

"Wait until you do . . . and, then, I may die too—so all this will be wasted." Jim felt The Duke was leading up to something.

"You won't die," said the other confidently. "I know that as certainly as I know I will. You'll pull through. That's why I want to tell you things. There's something you can do, Jim."

Jim knew there was. There was always this sort of last will and testament about the moments before "going over." He wondered what the girl's name would be. He glanced at The Duke, and saw his eyes. If it was trivial, The Duke didn't think so.

"All right," said Jim soberly. "I'll do anything I can—if I come through."

"Thanks," said The Duke. "It means a lot to me. It means dying straight."

They both hugged the face of the bags. There was a big lift of black smoke behind the parados. The wind of concussion blew them into each other's arms.

"Get it over quick," said Jim a little testily. "There may be more H.E. as close as that any second."

"Also," said The Duke, as though nothing had interrupted, "also, it will mean something to you—five hundred pounds."

"Oh, you are being funny," said Jim. "I thought— You took me in . . ."

"I'm serious. It will mean five hundred pounds to you, Jim. That's sober fact. And—and from what I know—well—I guess you'll find it useful."

Jim stared at his pal. No, he didn't think he was joking. And anyhow, he wouldn't make such a cruel joke as that, knowing how Jim's very heart and soul cried to heaven for a few hundred pounds, for—well, for domestic reasons.

"Five hundred pounds," he said. And that was all he could say. But suddenly he looked at The Duke.

"Yes, it's clean," said the Duke quickly. "Anyhow, your part is. You'll have every right to claim it. And there are papers with—with the stuff wot—that will prove you straight enough. And they've made the offer honest and clean. You'll be able to take the money."

"They?" demanded Jim.

"The Blue Dorp Diamond Company, Limited. They'll be glad—only too glad—to hand you over that five hundred."

"Good Lord!" gasped Jim. "What's it all about? I guess you're serious enough—but I don't grip."

The Duke's eye wavered for the first time. For the first time he looked away, hesitated, flushed. "It's dam hard, Jim," he said. And then very firmly, "It means—I'm a crook."

"A what?"

"Crook—burglar, gentleman cracksman, anything that means a dirty thief." He looked steadily at the ground, and waited. Three whizz-bangs came over well to the right. A man called out with an edgy voice. The officers were shouting "Get ready"—now there were only minutes to go. But it was all silent, painfully silent for Jim and the other fellow.

"The Yard knows me as 'Billy the Knut,' the dandy among safe-breakers. . . . Well, do you turn me down, Jim?"

Jim looked, and he saw the khaki, and he saw the man who had been his pal through nine months of uncomfortable grind.

"I can't see any difference at all in you, Duke."

"Thanks," said The Duke, as simply as Jim. "And I think you're right. There has been no difference since I joined up. I've just been Private Coates all the time—I've done none of that muck at all. Still—"

"Hurry," said Jim. "Only a minute."

The men were already grouping round the ladders. The British shelling had grown more intense, and so had the German. The trench was pretty lively.

"Still," said The Duke, "though I've given up crib-cracking, I haven't cleaned my—my mind. I've still got it on my conscience—that Blue Dorp Diamond affair. Do you remember that?"

"I don't know—vaguely, perhaps."

"It was mixed up with the early days of the war, so it didn't get much attention. But it was a big thing: £30,000 worth of stones were taken from the Blue Dorp safes—I took 'em."

"The Yard knows I took 'em, of course. They know me. A good cracksman leaves the mark of himself on the job, like an Old Master on his canvas. They knew, and I knew they knew. So I nipped into the Army to cover myself up."

"Oh, well, it was partly that. I didn't like the way the Germans talked about England, either; but the Army hid my tracks—anyhow, it served. And I thought it was going to be a short war too, and that I could go back and get the stuff. But there's something in the Army—men like you, Jim, and the life and the outlook and all that . . . and I don't want to go back and realise that £30,000 worth of shiners. Even if I lived—but I ain't going to live. I know."

"That's only half the idea, though, isn't it? Restitution's the other half. I haven't cleared myself until I've given back those jewels to the people who own 'em. That's what I want to do—that's what I'm asking you to do."

"Quick," said Jim, "quick!" The thing was vital to him now. And there was the £500.

"They offered a reward of £500 for the recovery, and I guess the jewels are worth all that to them. You'll get it. You've got to go to the place I've hidden 'em—listen close, word o' mouth is all you'll have. We don't put things like this down on paper. You've got to go to the place I tell you and get them, and take them up to the Blue Dorp. There's papers with the jewels that will clear you, as I said. All you've got to do is to ask for your £500."

"Now listen."

"Those jewels are carefully hidden in . . ."

A maddening and stupid chaos burst through The Duke's sentence. Jim thought he shouted to the fellow, "Speak louder," but he couldn't be certain. There was an awful slamming noise. There was rushing and whirling. There was even pain, vivid and bitter. And, more than anything, there was blackness. He seemed to fight it all—blackness and pain and tumult. But the rush of these things swept him away. He was trying to get back in touch with The Duke, but he was submerged and swept onward. His mind said, "Quick . . . quick! . . . Jewels, the hiding-place . . . that £500." The blackness, the pain, the tumult bore him down, bore him off . . .

He tried to fight it, but it was no good. He was simply helpless, floating and helpless . . . floating . . . floating . . .

Soon he was resigned. Soon he gave in. The tumult became calmer. The pain became numb and gnawing instead of lively and bitter. The darkness slowly became grey. It was easier. He felt the sea rocking him—rocking him. Sometimes soothingly, sometimes with an unexpected jolting. He was rocked, and rocked . . . then he stopped.

"Down," said a voice. And down he went.

"What's this one?" said another voice.

"Shrap," said the first voice. "'E can thank Gawd 'e 'ad 'is tin'-at on, too."

Jim opened his eyes. He was one of a long row of stretcher-cases outside the Field Dressing Post. He looked up quickly. The two bearers of his own regiment were going away—going back to the trench for more.

A doctor came to him. He smiled as he examined Jim's head. He looked grave as he examined Jim's left leg. Jim couldn't feel much in his left leg, but what he could feel was all wrong. The Padre came along presently with cigarettes and hot tea. Jim realised at once how fine a thing Christianity was. He nodded to the Padre, and the Padre was cheerful.

"Like some good news?" said the Padre. "Well, you're for Blighty—single ticket, only."

"My leg?" asked Jim.

"'Fraid so," said the Padre.

Jim suddenly remembered what Blighty would mean, and he remembered The Duke. He struggled anxiously to his elbow—no, he didn't see The Duke near. He called out sharply—

"Where's The Duke?"

The Padre was puzzled. "The Duke—what Duke?"

"P'raps 'is ole college chum Duggy 'Aig could explain, if you fetched 'im to the gemmen," said a humourist near by.

"I mean," cried Jim, "I mean my friend—my chum, Private Coates, 19th Mayfairs. . . . The Duke . . . just his nickname."

The Padre had a look round. The Duke wasn't there.

"Your company bearers will be able to tell," said the Padre. "Ask them when they come."

Jim lay thinking "The jewels are hidden in . . ."—that was what The Duke had said last. He'd heard no more. And his mind said, "£500—five hundred pounds reward."

The company bearers came to him—the Padre had sent them along. The Duke—they shifted a little uneasily. Well, it isn't easy to tell a man's chum . . .

"Yer see," said one of the bearers, "that shrap. wot copped you—well, The Duke got all of it save the little bit you got. All of it—all over."

"Dead?" cried Jim.

"An' buried by this," 'sh'd say," said the bearer. "Th' 'Uns 'ave knocked our ole trench to blazes with 'eavy stuff."

THE END.



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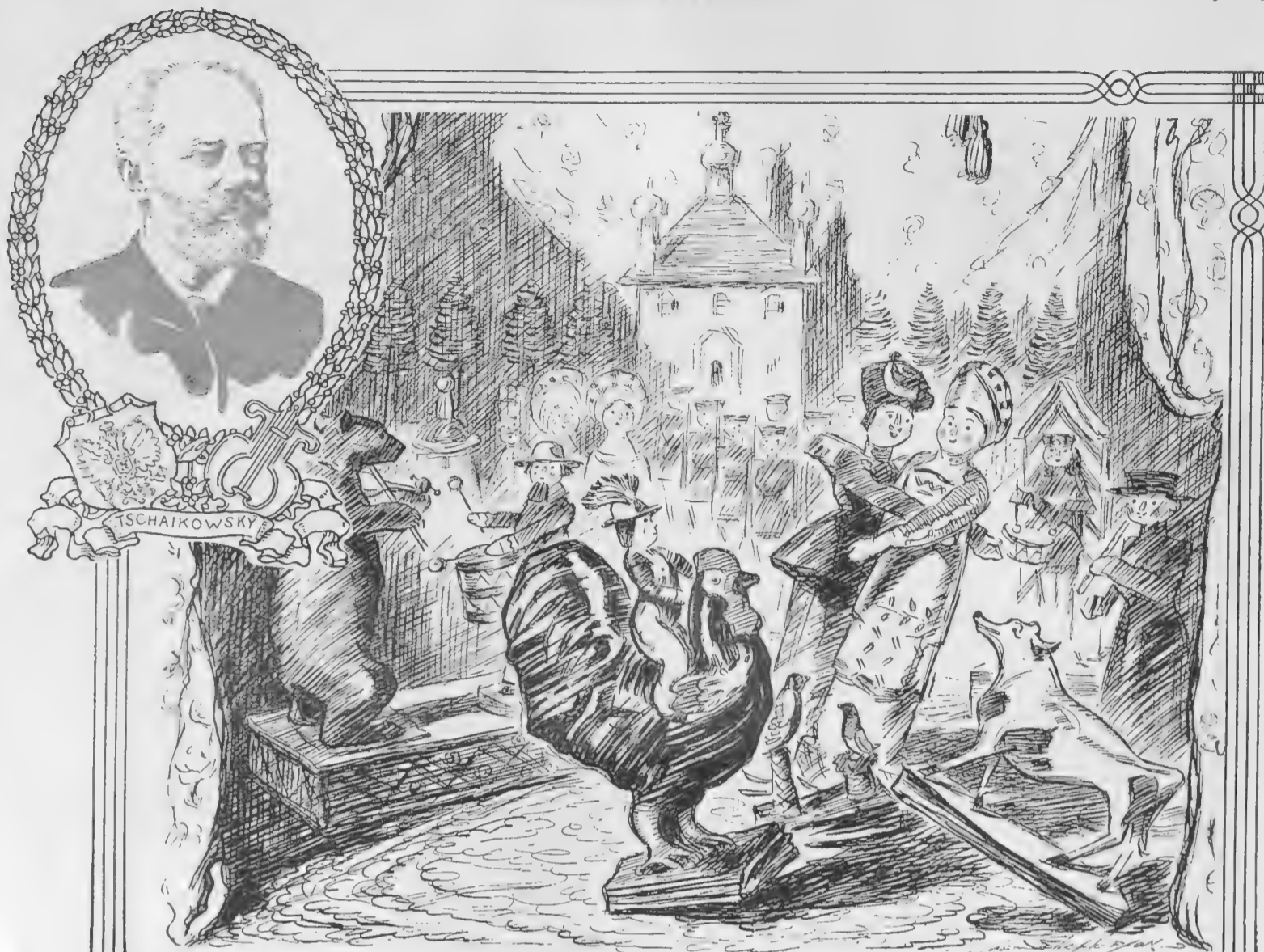
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

LICENSES AND LIABILITY: PUBLIC-SERVICE VEHICLES: THE MAN IN CLOVER.

The Issue of Driving Licenses.

Once again has the hoary-headed question been raised as to the open manner in which driving licenses are issued to all and sundry, provided they put down the necessary five shillings. But the good people who criticise the fact habitually beg the question, and fail to see that there is no force in objecting to the sale of licenses to possibly unskilled persons unless the license is itself intended to be a certificate of skill. This the motor-driving license was never intended to be; it is merely a document of identification, enabling the law to visit the holder with any pains or penalties he may incur by his own default. The responsibility for his conduct rests with the individual driver just as with any other person. A man may know nothing about shooting, and there is nothing to prevent his buying a license for a gun; but that does not absolve him from the legal consequences of using it unskilfully or with criminal intent. But, lest there should be any misapprehension on the subject, let it be said without further parley that motorists themselves have never either advocated the present system or objected to its withdrawal; it was imposed by the Legislature itself when it was in a particularly severe mood; and if it had thought driving examinations necessary, it would have embodied a clause to that effect.

Where Protection is Needed.

It is obviously common sense to assume that, in his own interests, the driver of a car knows how to handle it before he takes to the road; he has his own neck and his own car to think of before anything else, and, if incompetent, is practically certain to injure himself or his vehicle before doing damage to a third party. In the

comes within a different category altogether. Nor must it be forgotten by those who seek to find some specific for the absolute prevention of accidents, rather than let fear of the law operate upon the driver's sense of responsibility, that in the case of horsed vehicles there is not even the protection afforded by a driving license.

Democratic Motoring.

A palpable change is coming over automobile locomotion, for every day it grows more and more democratic. This is due to the simple fact that

the petrol allowances have been served out according to the claims of the individual, and not of the cars. All the private owners, therefore, who could bring forward no reason for special treatment have had their award of sixteen gallons a month, no matter whether they drove a Rolls-Royce limousine or a Baby Peugeot. This uniformity of allotment has had the inevitable result of driving many of the larger cars off the road—as a matter of fact, they disappeared during the eight gallons a month period. If a car could only do twelve miles to the gallon, its petrol allowance only gave it a daily average of three miles. Obviously, it was not worth while for the sake of this to pay £2 a week to a chauffeur, 10s. for garaging, £30 or so for insurance, and £21 a year for engine tax, and the only thing to do was to lay the car up for the time being; nor was it worth while bringing it out again even when the

allowance was doubled. Hence the only big cars that are regularly on the road are those which are being used on official or other special service; while the owners of smaller cars are congratulating themselves on the fact that they have economical engines which will run



FROM RELATIVES OF THE H.Q.C.D. "SPECIALS" TO MEN AT THE FRONT: A CHIEF INSPECTOR HELPING TO LOAD A WEEKLY CONSIGNMENT OF WOOLLEN SOCKS, ETC.

Relatives of members of the H.Q.C.D. (Headquarters Central Detachment) Special Constabulary have responded generously to Sir Edward Ward's appeal for woollen socks, etc., for men at the front, and a consignment is sent out every week. In the illustration a Chief Inspector is seen helping to load a car.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



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The "Tank's" general resemblance in elevation-outline to a huge squatting toad is really remarkable. The endless-chain apparatus with ridged projections by means of which the "Tank" scrapes its way forward over obstacles of the roughest description, climbing and

crawling across trenches and shell-craters, is seen at either side. The curving shape of the under-body aids progress. The protective colour-splashes on the armoured sides are also noteworthy.—[Photograph by Canadian War Records.]

case of a paid chauffeur the employer must take the onus of selecting a capable man. Where the public has a definite *locus standi* in requiring assurances of skill is in respect of public-service vehicles. If I step into a motor-bus or a taxi, I know nothing of the driver. But here New Scotland Yard comes in, and I think it may be taken for granted that no man can obtain a hackney-carriage driver's license without being put severely through his paces beforehand. But the private vehicle which is driven by its owner or his servant

an appreciable number of miles to the gallon. The man who is really in clover, relatively speaking, is the owner of the 10-h.p. two-seater type which will do its thirty-five miles on a single gallon; at the same time, even he, unless he ekes out his allowance with some form of substitute, can only average eighteen miles a day. The fact that there are still so many cars of sorts to be seen on all sides shows indisputably that they are indispensable, and have to be used up to the full limit of the available petrol.

"The CADET."

They do put us through it; never since I left Marlboro' have I had to work as I have done lately; why, settling days on the Stock Exchange are nothing to it. Not having touched mathematics for years the exams. are a bit "up to you" at first; but I have learnt one thing—that all the wise ones smoke "Army Clubs." They're dinkie.



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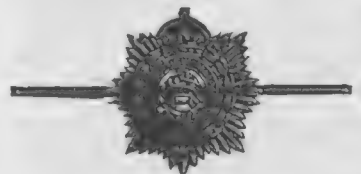


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their heroic deeds, we can at least keep the home fires burning, and light our Christmas logs metaphorically and actually, and take steps that they shall know how affectionately we bear them in mind.

Goodness and Success.

"Gifts and Novelties" is the title of a recherche booklet produced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, which illustrates and describes their varied and beautiful designs in silver and in jewellery suitable for Christmas presents. It will be sent free to anyone who applies for it, and will be found full of suggestions. The name of the firm is, I always say, G. and S., synonymous with Goodness and Success; and it is well to remember that there is but one Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, the goodness and success of which is established at 112, Regent Street, and nowhere else. All things purchased there are of the utmost value and absolutely reliable. An eight-day lever timepiece in black or red lacquer, a copy of an antique, eight inches high, for £4 10s., will be a favourite gift this coming season. A lady's taste will be gratified by receiving a hand-bag of black faille silk and velvet, fitted with an inner frame, mirror, and powder-puff, and having marcassie and jade mounts; at five guineas it is a present appealing to specially refined taste. A man will appreciate a beautiful little model of a Mills hand-grenade as a cigar cutter and lighter combined; this costs only £2 15s. As women are all good comrades now and join in the enjoyment of a cigarette, a charming present from a man is an engine-turned solid silver cigarette-case, with a mirror, and having a chain and ring for attachment to chatelaine, wristlet, or finger, the price being £2 15s. Another gift which every woman will like is a fine quality keyless lever watch on a black moiré strap for £12. It is needless to say that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths are specially rich in all designs connected with our gallant fighting men, whether sailors or soldiers, and that their designs are just right.

The Tea to a T. Useful presents will be in vogue this year; it is therefore pleasant to set forth those prepared by the United Kingdom Tea Company, of 1, Paul Street, E.C. Their tea is universally liked and appreciated, and they are tea merchants to the King and to Queen Alexandra. They undertake to supply and deliver choice teas at most reasonable prices, packed and delivered carriage paid, to any address in the kingdom. Canisters holding 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. are supplied with any teas at 2s. 4d. a lb. and upwards. There are also decorated canisters in which the tea is supplied, and these are in various sizes from ½ lb. to 10 and 12 lb. As these are now difficult to obtain in fresh supplies, early application for them is advisable. There is a tea suitable for invalids, called "Volara," at 3s. 4d. a lb., which can be enjoyed by people unable to take ordinary tea without discomfort. China teas in original ½ lb. and 1 lb. caddies are another charming novelty.

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It is a delicate compliment to send a friend a pen for a Christmas gift, because it implies that you want letters. When the pen is an Onoto, it is more than a compliment; because it makes writing a pleasure to the writer, as well as to the recipient of the letters. It is made by a British firm: the military size, at 12s. 6d., fits comfortably into the regulation tunic pocket; and it can, unlike some self-filling pens, be used with ink pellets—one of which can be put in, and the pen filled with water. This is a great advantage to men on active service. It fills itself, and in doing so, cleans itself; and it cannot leak. These fine pens are made in a large variety of styles and sizes; so it is well to ask to see a selection: they range from 10s. 6d. in price, and there are gold-mounted presentation pens at five guineas. A pen will be packed, labelled, and posted to any given address when it is purchased, so that the good gift goes with no trouble to the sender.

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In these days, the man or woman who wants to make his, or her, choice of gifts amid the latest and the best goes to 81, Leadenhall Street; 268, Oxford Street; 187, Regent Street; 243, Brompton Road; 67, Piccadilly;



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There are many men among us needing luxurious and real rest. In these days no house should be with-

beautifully embroidered; others are 2s. 11½d., in dozen boxes, with striped edges of all colours. Then there are the sweetest handkerchiefs for little folk, with miniature soldiers, sailors, or children playing games in the corners, at 2s. 11½d. and 1s. 9½d. for half a dozen. Waring and Gillow's is a sure find for the good-gift seeker.

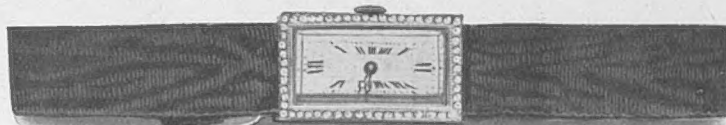
Amplify Set Them Forth.

All-English and as sweet as a morning breeze over native downs are the specialties from the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown's Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex. They are suited for acceptable and delightful Christmas gifts. The Allen-Brown English violet perfume is a breath of home in spring-time, packed in one of their hampers of white wicker, made by disabled sailors and soldiers in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops; what could be a more patriotic perfume present? A hamper, at 25s., of preparations from the nurseries is a gift that will be keenly appreciated. Bath-bowls filled with English violet soap are real refreshment and enjoyment. A man at the Front will appreciate a tube of shaving-cream perfumed with English violets, which will give him a welcome breath of home. It is impossible in short space to enumerate all the specialties of the Misses Allen-Brown suitable for the gift season; but a booklet from them, which will be sent free on application, will amplify set them forth.

Gallant Winners of the Military Cross.

There is no gift more useful or more appreciated than a wristlet-watch. Especially does this apply to some very dainty little timekeepers by Wilson and Gill—the mention of whose name guarantees the goodness of the watch, while its beauty is apparent.

One of these watches, mounted on a black moiré wristlet, in 18-carat gold, costs £8. It can be mounted on a ribbon of the colours of any corps or regiment—or ship, if that is preferred. The same kind of watch, a little larger in size, is sold from £5 15s. If a very handsome gift is wanted, there is a little beauty of a watch, mounted in fine brilliants, at £35, which is quite a work of art. A gift greatly appreciated from gallant winners of the Military Cross to their womenkind is a model of the Cross, in 18-carat gold and palladium, with the bar in purple-and-white enamel; it costs £3 15s.; and with the bar colours simulated in amethyst and diamonds, it costs



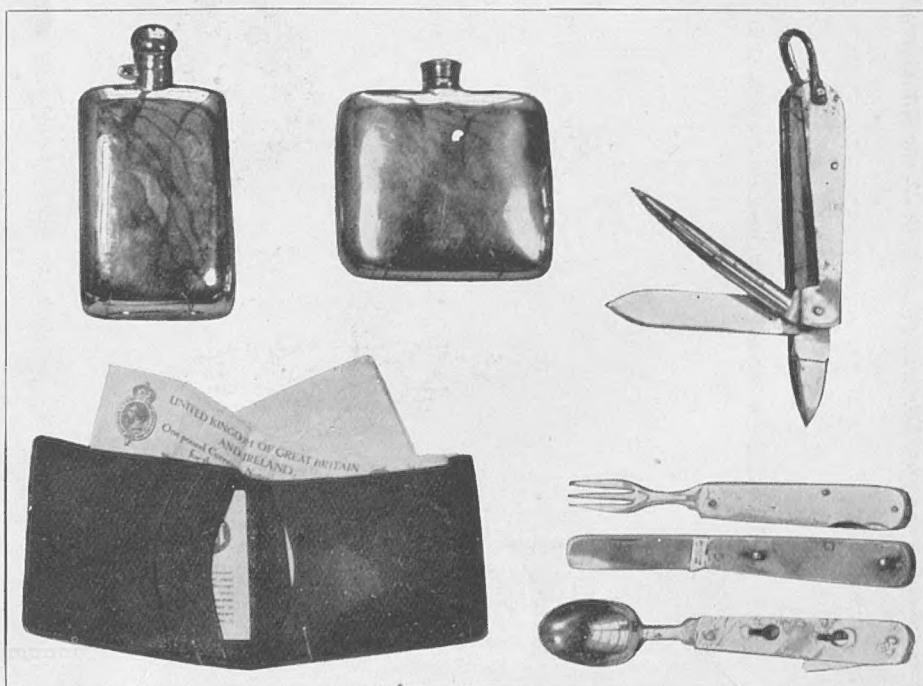
WRISTLET-WATCHES AND A MODEL "M.C.": AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

to do with invalids; and those who have not are in a minority these war-days. It is the "Adapta" table for people in bed. A patent push-button adjusts the inclination: for meals in bed, or for reading, it is ideal. It can be used as a back-rest, for reading or writing when sitting up for cards or other games, and as a music-stand. The prices are from £1 10s. 6d. to five guineas, and those people who know the "Adapta" well say that it is worth its weight in gold.

The Good-Gift Seeker.

If a Christmas gift is to have a very special value, purchase it at a house which has a world-wide fame, such as Waring and Gillow's, Oxford Street. There will indeed be numerous attractions there for purchasers, as the firm seems to have given special attention to providing graceful and original Christmas novelties at all prices. Bolster-cushions in rich silk, in many colours, gathered and fluted, and really smart-looking, for from 25s. 6d. to 31s. 6d., are things that make a room look up to date, and add immensely to the comfort of its inhabitants. Then there are circular cushions in glacé silk of one colour, shot with another, and a cluster of ribbon roses in the centre, at 42s. These are extremely pretty. Supposing cheaper gifts are required, there are handkerchief-boxes covered with black satin, and ornamented with satin flowers in one corner—these cost but 6s. 6d.; while photograph-frames, in similar style, are 4s. 9d. In the Oriental department are most fascinating boxes, vases, candlesticks, and other things in Kashmir work, most rich and decorative, and quite new; these are at moderate cost. In Satsuma ware, dainty and out-of-the-way gifts can be purchased, from 3s. 9d.; and embroidered Chinese mats, from 1s. In English crystal, cut and engraved, there is a wonderful variety of presents, from spirit-bottles and decanters, at 27s. 6d., up to any price, in accordance with the importance of the gift. Boxes of dainty handkerchiefs will also make irresistible appeal. Some are 2s. 11d., in boxes of three—very dainty and

£10. With what pride will such an ornament be worn! There are all kinds of presents to appeal to our fighting men at this well-known establishment, celebrated for keeping abreast of the times with delightful productions. A Christmas catalogue, which will be sent post free on application, is an excellent guide to those who cannot make personal inspection of the many interesting gifts prepared for a season which draws the link between us and home, and our men out fighting, just a little closer than ever, and during which we want to show them how greatly they are in our thoughts.



ACCEPTABLE GIFTS FOR ALL: AT WARING AND GILLOW'S.



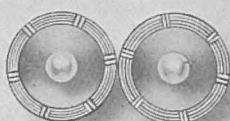
Fine Gold and Black Enamel Brooch,
£3 0 0



Pearl and Diamond
Necklace, set in
Palladium,
£28 10 0



Diamond and
Whole Pearl
Cluster Ring,
£19 0 0



White Mother of Pearl
and Pearl Centres,
Platinum Border.
Links, £4 10 0 per pair.
Buttons, £6 5 0
set of six.



Keyless Lever Watch,
fully Jewelled, Compen-
sation Balance, in 18-
carat Gold Case, on
Black Moire Silk Strap.
£12 0 0



Diamond Anchor
Brooch, set in
Palladium,
£12 0 0



Diamond and Black
Onyx Brooch, set in
Palladium,
£17 10 0



Diamond Crossover
Ring, with Diamond
Shoulders,
£30 0 0



Fine Gold, Palladium
and Enamel Royal
Warwicks Badge
Brooch,
£4 15 0



Fine Gold and Enamel Royal Flying Corps
Badge Brooch,
£4 0 0



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will be sent post free on application.*

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE" is one of the rare plays which the critic can see more than once with pleasure. Last week I made a third visit, when the piece was transferred to the Apollo Theatre, and spent quite an enjoyable evening. There is a notable change in the cast, for Mr. Norman McKinnel has ceased to be Hobson, and Mr. C. V. France reigns in his stead. The new-comer at first was a little hampered by the words—I always wonder how anyone can ever learn a long part. His Hobson is somewhat less masterful and less specifically local in humour than his predecessor's, but, all the same, a very good Hobson, with plenty of

humour and some very effective moments. Miss Edyth Goodall and Mr. J. Fisher White still give superb pieces of acting in their old parts. Mr. Joe Nightingale has been so handsomely praised that I venture to suggest that he somewhat lowers the character of Mossop in the third act by his comicalities; also that he does not quite suggest the man imagined by the author—the timid, awkward lump of a man who, as Maggie rightly guessed, would be capable of development into a desirable husband. Of course, I must add that the house was hugely delighted by his broad humours. But the husband of Maggie is a somewhat complex creation, comical, of course, "in parts."

When Irving presented "Romeo and Juliet" (in 1882), and played the principal part, it was considered humorous by journalists to ask, "Oh, Irving, wherefore art thou Romeo?" and after seeing "A Pierrot's Christmas," at the Apollo, one may well inquire, "Oh, Norman,

wherefore art thou Pierrot?"

And the plain answer is that he isn't. *Cucullus non facit*. You don't become Pierrot by putting on a black skull-cap and white calico clothes with pompons; and you can't be Pierrot unless you wear the traditional white mask of powder; and, above all, you must suggest youth. What becomes of Pierrots when they get towards middle-age I don't know, any more than I know what becomes of the old moons: they can't merely cut them up to make new ones—there would be such a lot of stuff left over. Pierrot is really our friend Peter Pan in another guise and at a slightly later stage, and can't grow old. Fancy Peter (or Pierrot)

six foot and a bittock high, with a grim, powerful face that has a look of paying rates and taxes on it! An admirable actor who has done superb work is Mr. McKinnel, but very little suited to the part of Pierrot. And so the new wordless play at the Apollo by M. Beissier was worrying on account of the costume and alleged personality of the chief player. Rather a pretty, simple little story, not ineffective; and Victor Monti's music has some jolly passages, though it is more noisy than powerful in the strong situations. Returning for a moment to Mr. McKinnel, I must add that if you regard Pierrot as an ordinary middle-aged person who formed a foolish attachment to a young girl, and behaved badly when his folly became apparent, his acting was quite good, though obviously he suffers severely from not using his voice. One is inclined to think it would be an excellent thing for our schools of acting to give a great deal of dumb-show work; but then, all the students would become cinema players and add to the crowd of those busily engaged in destroying the spoken drama. Miss Mary Glynne played prettily; little Miss Joan Morgan is a wonderful child actress; and Miss Dora Gregory gave a very agreeable, clever performance as an ex-dancer.



IN "RAZZLE-DAZZLE": MISS ALMA FLEURETTE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



IN "FLYING COLOURS": MISS MAMIE SELLS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

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